

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

No. 20 • 28th JUNE 1969

PRICE 1/3



Beauty and the Beast



1. Beauty looked into a magic mirror and saw the reflection of her father ill in bed. She asked the Beast if she could go home. He agreed and gave her an enchanted rose that would carry her to wherever she wanted to go. "Take me to my father," she wished.



2. At once there came a flash and Beauty closed her eyes. It seemed to her as though she were rushing through air. At last she came to rest and found herself in her father's bedroom. Kneeling, she kissed his hand. "I've come to take care of you," she said.



3. "How did you get here?" asked her father. Beauty told him about the magic rose and her promise to return to the Beast when her father was well. A few weeks later, Beauty's father was well enough to go out for a short walk. Beauty's sisters watched her angrily.



4. The five sisters were all jealous of Beauty because she was now living in a grand castle and wore lovely clothes. "If we had her magic rose we could wish for rich clothes and jewels," said one and she hurried up to Beauty's bedroom.



5. There was the magic rose in a vase. Laughing with triumph, the sister took the rose and ran to her own bedroom where her sisters were eagerly waiting for her. "I've got it! I've got it!" she said. "Where is Beauty?"

6. One of the other sisters pointed out of the window. "There she is," she sneered, "looking after father as usual." "Never mind her," said another sister. "Let us wish on the magic rose for splendid jewels and new dresses like Beauty's."



7. "Why bother about jewels and clothes?" said the greediest of the five sisters. "Why not ask for a castle like the one where Beauty

lives with that horrible Beast?" "Yes, yes!" shouted the sisters. So the sister who had stolen the rose wished for a big castle.



8. At once there came a flash of lightning and an icy cold wind roared through the bedroom. Then there came a loud crash like

thunder and the sister who held the rose dropped it and trembled in her shoes. Her sisters cried aloud and huddled together in fright.

Next week: Beauty returns to the Beast's castle but a surprise awaits her.



The springbok has gained its name from its strange habit of suddenly springing high into the air. It often travels in an enormous herd which moves forward in a dense mass across the plains of Africa. Even the hungry lion keeps well clear when he sees this great regiment of springboks on the march.



The white-tailed gnu, or wildebeest, is a wild and bad-tempered animal which will never hesitate to pick a quarrel with one of its own kind. But whenever one of them sees an enemy approaching, it will always warn the rest of the herd with a strange, sharp cry that sends them all speeding away.



These are our "Allsorts" pages. Every week you can see all sorts of Allsorts. **THIS WEEK:**


All Sorts



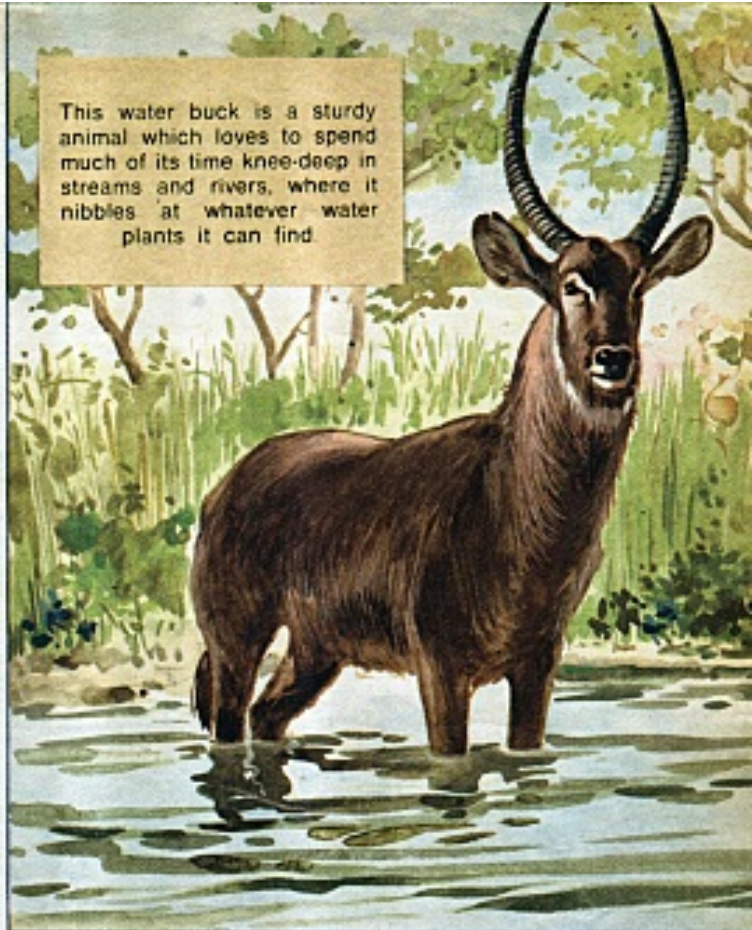
The giant of the antelopes is the eland, which is over six feet high. The eland is a fine animal with its slender, twisted horns which are over two and a half feet long. The tuft of long, dark hair which hangs between its horns is called a bush.



The sable is only one more of the many types of antelopes that live in Africa. It is nearly as big as a pony and it lives in a herd of twenty or thirty other sables, who are all ruled by a male sable.

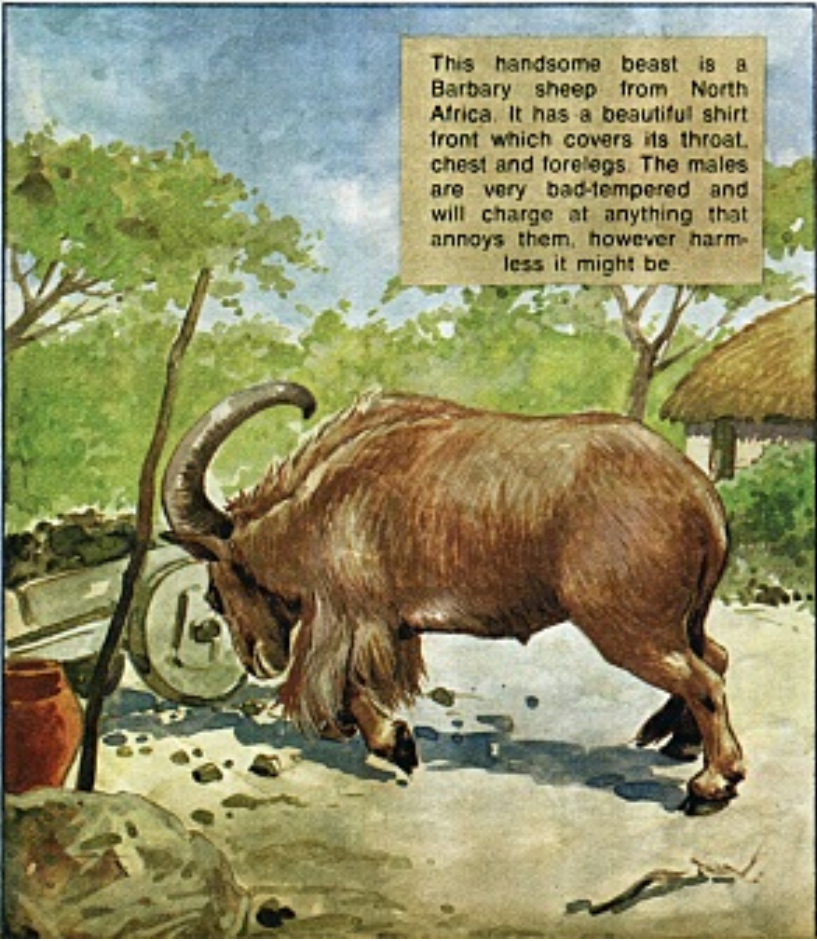


The hartebeest is said to be so quick that no horse can overtake it. It lives in dry desert regions, where it is sometimes forced to exist entirely without water for months at a time.




This water buck is a sturdy animal which loves to spend much of its time knee-deep in streams and rivers, where it nibbles at whatever water plants it can find.

of Antelopes



This handsome beast is a Barbary sheep from North Africa. It has a beautiful shirt front which covers its throat, chest and forelegs. The males are very bad-tempered and will charge at anything that annoys them, however harmless it might be.



There are many types of antelopes known as gazelles. This one, called Grant's Gazelle, is a very beautiful grassland creature. They are never found in jungles or high mountains. They are very keen-sighted and always on the look-out for danger.

BRER RABBIT

Brer Rabbit tricks Brer Fox and Brer Buzzard. By Barbara Hayes

WELL, children, if you read the Brer Rabbit story last week, you will know that cheeky Brer Rabbit managed to trick Brer Fox into wearing a saddle and bridle and blinkers and letting Brer Rabbit ride him to Miss Meadows' house, just as if he were a horse.

Brer Rabbit tied Brer Fox's reins to the hitching post and then Brer Rabbit went in and had a fine evening with Miss Meadows and the girls, laughing and singing and making fun of Brer Fox.

But at last it was time to go home.

Brer Rabbit swaggered out of Miss Meadows' house and mounted Brer Fox and rode off looking mighty biggety.

But as soon as they were up the lane, Brer Fox started leaping and jumping and twisting and doing everything he could to throw Brer Rabbit from his back.

In the end Brer Fox rolled over on the ground and then, of course, Brer Rabbit had to jump off.

Brer Rabbit made off through the bushes mighty quickly. I can tell you, because he knew that Brer Fox was very, very cross with him.

At last he almost caught up with Brer Rabbit and Brer Rabbit had to hide in a hollow tree.

The hole in the tree was too small for Brer Fox to get in and pull Brer Rabbit out so he lay down and collected his thoughts.

Now while Brer Fox was lying outside the tree and Brer Rabbit was hiding inside, Brer Buzzard came along and, to cut a long story short, Brer Fox arranged with Brer Buzzard that he should watch the hole and keep Brer Rabbit in the tree, while Brer Fox went to fetch his axe to cut down the tree.

So Brer Fox loped off and

Brer Buzzard stayed by the tree and by and by Brer Rabbit scrambled down close to the hole and called out:

"Brer Fox! Oh, Brer Fox!"

But Brer Fox was gone and Brer Turkey Buzzard he said nothing.

Then Brer Rabbit shouted:

"You needn't talk unless you want to, Brer Fox, but I know you're there. I just wanted to tell you that I wish mighty bad that Brer Buzzard was there, too."

Then Brer Buzzard pretended to talk like Brer Fox and said:

"What do you want with Brer Buzzard?"

"Oh, nothing in particular, except that in here is the fattest grey squirrel that I have ever seen. Just the sort that Brer Buzzard would like for his dinner."

Of course, there was really no squirrel in there at all.

"How is Brer Buzzard going to get him?" asked Brer Buzzard.

"Why, I'll drive him out through a little hole on the other side of the tree," said Brer Rabbit.

"Drive him out, then," said Brer Buzzard, still pretending to be Brer Fox.

And he went round to the little hole on the other side of the tree.

Of course, as soon as Brer Buzzard did that, Brer Rabbit dashed out of the *big* hole and was off away home.

Because, of course, Brer Rabbit had known all along that Brer Fox had gone and that it was Brer Buzzard talking.

Well, when he realised what had happened, Brer Buzzard felt silly for a while, but then he thought, "I won't tell Brer Fox that Brer Rabbit has escaped. I'll just wait and have a laugh at Brer Fox. After all, I can easily fly off when Brer Fox gets cross."



So Brer Buzzard waited and he didn't have to wait long, because by and by Brer Fox came galloping back through the woods with his axe on his shoulder.

"How is Brer Rabbit getting on, Brer Buzzard?" asked Brer Fox.

"Oh he's in there," said Brer Buzzard. "He's mighty still, though. I expect he is taking a nap."

"Then I'm just in time to wake him up," said Brer Fox.

And with that he flung off his coat and grabbed the axe.

Then he drew back and hit the tree—*pow!*

And every time he brought the axe down, he made a mighty noise—*pow!*

Mr. Buzzard, he kept out of the way, he did, and kept shouting:

"Oh, Brer Rabbit's in there. He's in there for sure!"

And Brer Fox, he kept hitting away at the hollow tree, until by and by, after he had cut the tree almost through, he noticed Brer Buzzard laughing behind his back.

And right then, Brer Fox began to smell a rat.

But Brer Buzzard, he kept on shouting: "Brer Rabbit's in there for sure."

Then Brer Fox pretended that he was peeping inside the hollow tree and he

said: "Come here, Brer Buzzard. Isn't this Brer Rabbit's foot sticking out here?"

Over came Brer Buzzard and stuck his head into the tree—and as soon as he did that, Brer Fox grabbed him.

Brer Buzzard flapped his wings and scrambled about, but it was no good. Brer Fox had him in his grip.

Then Brer Buzzard called out: "Turn me loose. Brer Rabbit will get out. You are getting mighty close to him. A few more bangs with the axe and you will reach him."

But Brer Fox replied:

"I'm much nearer to you, Brer Buzzard, than I will ever be to Brer Rabbit this day. Why did you try to trick me?"

"Leave me alone," squealed Brer Buzzard. "My wife is waiting for me. I tell you Brer Rabbit is in there."

Brer Fox said: "There's a bunch of Brer Rabbit's fur on that blackberry bush, and that isn't the way he came, so it must have caught there when Brer Rabbit was escaping."

So then Brer Buzzard told Brer Fox the whole story and said what a dreadful fellow Brer Rabbit was to play such a trick.

"Well, I don't care about that," said Brer Fox. "All I know is that I left you to watch this hole and I left Brer Rabbit in

the hole. And now I have come back to find Brer Rabbit gone. So I am going to make you pay."

And Brer Fox grabbed Brer Buzzard by the tail but, unfortunately for Brer Fox, it was that season of the year when Brer Buzzard's feathers were coming out.

The tail feathers just came out in Brer Fox's hand and Brer Buzzard flew away.

So Brer Fox caught no one and he was mighty, mighty cross for a long, long time.

There will be another Brer Rabbit story next week

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Painted Faces

Ever since those early times when man wore skins and hunted with sticks and stones, people have painted their faces. Here are some reasons why.



The Red Indians painted their faces when they went to war. They thought their strange appearance would frighten their enemies.



Circus clowns paint their faces in many different ways so that you laugh as soon as they appear.



An ugly painted face will frighten away an evil spirit—that is what this African native believes.



In Japan, when old plays are performed, the actors and actresses paint their faces like this. Don't they look strange?

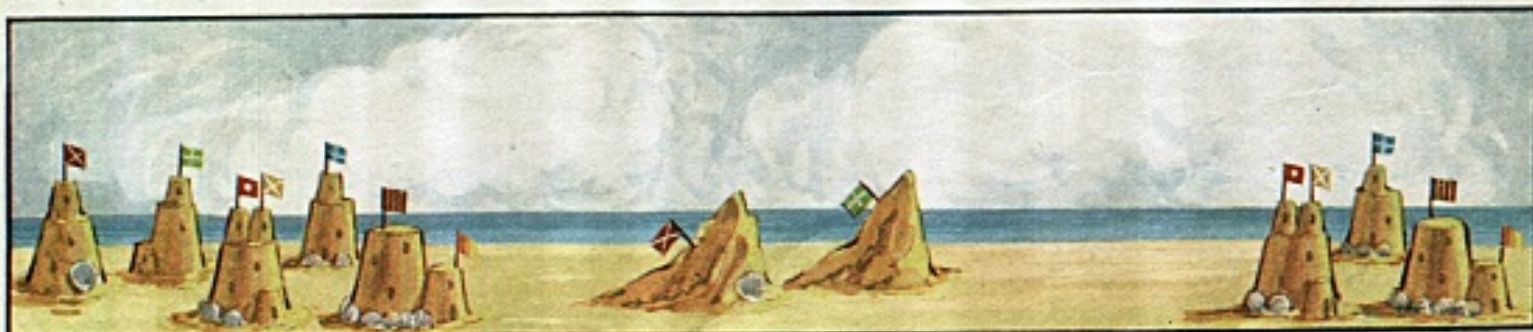


The Queens of Ancient Egypt painted their faces like this to make themselves more attractive. Do you think this Queen looks lovely?



Just as the Queens of Egypt painted their faces to make themselves look prettier, so do lots of Mummies today.

Fun With Numbers At The Sea-side



A Someone has built five little sandcastles. Two fall down. How many are left?



B Seven shells on the sea-shore. The sea washes up two more. How many shells are now on the sand?



C Nine little boats bobbing on the sea. Five sail away. How many boats can still be seen?



D Daddy brings six ice-creams. Three are eaten up. How many ice-creams does Daddy still have?



E Paddling is fun. Five more children arrive on holiday. How many children now paddle?

Answers: A = 3, B = 9, C = 4, D = 3, E = 8.



This story is a memory test. Read it carefully and then turn to page 16 and try to answer the questions about it.

THE most beautiful woman in all the world was Helen, the wife of Menelaus (say "Menny-lay-us"), the King of Sparta, in Greece.

One day, the handsome Prince Paris, son of King Priam of Troy, came to Sparta to visit

King Menelaus. Although the King treated him with great kindness, Paris repaid him by falling in love with Helen and carrying her off to his own country.

At once the angry King of Sparta called upon all the kings and princes of Greece to

help him avenge this great wrong. It took the Greeks two years to gather together a mighty fleet to carry them to Troy.

At last it set sail and on board, apart from Menelaus, were the great Greek heroes Achilles (say "Ak-ill-ease") and Ajax and

THE STORY OF



HELEN OF TROY

Odysseus (say "Odd-is-yews") who is also known as Ulysses (say "You-liss-ease").

The Trojans, under King Priam, had prepared for a long war. Their city was surrounded by mighty walls and their army was headed by warriors such as Hector.

Our beautiful picture this week shows Helen standing beside King Priam, looking down at the great army of Greeks.

The war went on for ten years before the Greeks managed to take the city. Paris was killed and Helen was forced to return to her

husband, the King of Sparta.

The story of Helen and the siege of Troy is told in a long poem called "The Illiad" (say "Ill-y-add") which was written by a Greek poet called Homer. You should remember his name, Homer.



The Lost Crown



1. Once upon a time there lived a King who had no wife or children. He loved his treasure, his gold and his jewels most in life. So you can understand his anger when he discovered that somebody had broken into his treasure chamber and stolen his crown.



2. "Whoever shall return to me my crown shall be King when I am no more," he said. Knights all over his kingdom searched for the crown in vain. Then one day a poor knight came to the castle and said "I shall find the crown, your majesty."



3. The young knight's name was Sir Tristram and all his life he had been poor. But he knew well how to handle a sword and lance and loved adventure. He knew no more than anyone else who had stolen the King's crown but he had made up his mind to find out. Some days later he rode down a forest path towards a dark mysterious castle.



4. A knight in a scarlet surcoat sat his horse on the drawbridge. "Ho there, young sir," he shouted. "Come and fight with me. Not for five years have I had a good fight."



5. "There are lots of knights riding through the land in search of the King's lost crown," went on the Red Knight. "Many of them have passed this way but they have all heard of me and none will accept my challenge. What say you, young sir? Will you fight me?"

6. "Right willingly, bold knight," replied Sir Tristram, and charged forward. The Red Knight set spurs to his horse and the two riders met with a tremendous crash. Sir Tristram's aim was perfect and his lance struck the Red Knight from his saddle.



7. The Red Knight toppled backwards and landed heavily. For several seconds his senses reeled. Then he blinked three times and laughed up at Sir Tristram. "That is the first time I have been unseated since I was a tad," said he. "You are a true knight, young sir. Now hearken to me."



8. He staggered to his feet and said: "It was I who stole the King's crown because I hoped some brave knight would come this way and give me a good fight." So Sir Tristram rode back with the crown, one day to be King and live happily ever after.

All About Eating



Sally Smith is very happy because her mummy is making raspberry jam. She was in her bedroom when she first smelt the raspberries cooking. How did she know they were raspberries? Because in her nose there are tiny nerves which told her brain about the raspberries.



Sally's mummy has made some raspberry jam tarts. How (without being told) does Sally know when she eats one that she is eating a raspberry jam tart? Because on her tongue there are very tiny nerves which are called taste buds and which tell Sally's brain what she is eating.



Sally is eating the raspberry jam tart. First she bites with her front teeth. Then, with her back teeth, she chews the piece she has bitten off until it is mashed. If she is wise she chews her food well before swallowing it.

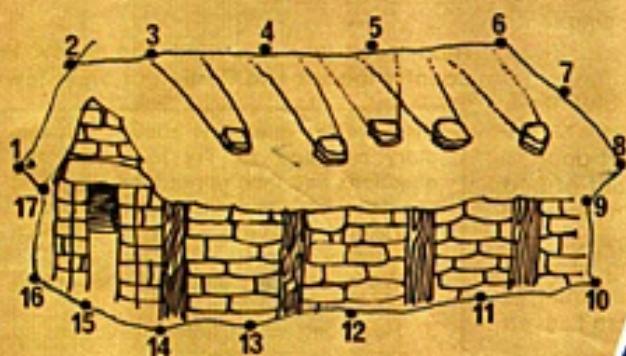
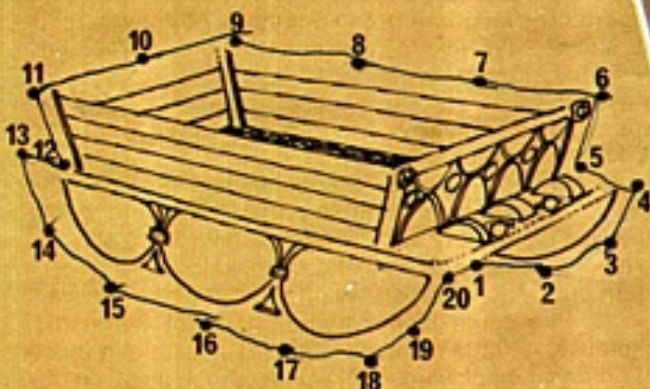


Sally has finished off the plate of jam-tarts. Doesn't she look full? The tarts, all mashed, have been swallowed by Sally and have gone down her throat, through a long tube into her stomach. Eating food builds Sally's body and gives her plenty of energy.

The Daring Dane

A thousand years ago men like this bold warrior were streaming across the North Sea in their longships to raid this country. One of them became our King. His name was Canute and he reigned for 18 years. He was a good and wise King.

Join the dots in the three pictures below to complete an ivory chessman, a sledge and a house, all of Danish design. The chessman was found in Scotland.





THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE Country Mouse

This week the country mice go to town. By Barbara Hayes.

NOW, as I am sure you know, Winifred, the country mouse, and her boy-friend, Bertie, lived very quiet lives in the country.

But somehow ever since Stephanie, the town mouse, had been down on a visit and especially since her boy-friend, Nigel, had fetched her home in his grand car, Bertie had been feeling rather restless.

One day, when Bertie had dropped in at Winifred's for a cup of tea and some home-made cakes, he said, "Do you know, Winifred, my old love, somehow I just can't stop thinking about that wonderful car that Nigel had."

Winifred wasn't very pleased.

"Oh, Bertie," she said, "don't you go getting any ideas about buying a car. Cars are fast dangerous things and not for the likes of us at all."

Bertie chuckled.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of *buying* a car," he smiled. "I couldn't afford one anyway, but I would like to go to town and see some more cars—just for a treat, you know."

And when Bertie said that, Winifred thought: "Well, I wouldn't mind going to town either. I should like to see some of those shops where Stephanie buys her lovely dresses. Of course, I wouldn't *buy* any. They would be far too grand to wear for doing my housework, or even for the May Fair. But I should like to go up and see them just the same."

So Winifred and Bertie agreed together that they would have a little holiday in town.

Bertie arranged to have a few days off from working on the farm and the two little country mice packed their bags and the very next Saturday they caught the train for town.

Tiddly-pom! Tiddly-Pom

The train rattled along over the railway lines.

And just for a change, when the train went over a crossing, it went—*Pomedy-pomedy-pomedy-pomedy-pomedy-pom!*

"We will stay with our Stephanie in her fine house," smiled Winifred. "She is sure to be pleased to see us. We are cousins, you know, and members of the family are always welcome visitors."

It didn't even cross Winifred's simple little mind that Stephanie—or Steve, as she called herself in town—would *not* be pleased to see them.

It didn't even cross Winifred's mind that she should have written to warn Stephanie that they were coming.

Winifred was never booked up for parties all the time herself, so it didn't cross her mind that Stephanie would be.

And as far as Bertie was concerned—well, nothing very much ever crossed Bertie's mind at all.

So Bertie just sat in the railway carriage wondering about nothing more important than if it were time yet to eat his strawberry jam sandwiches.

But, of course, the truth was that Stephanie—or Steve, as she was known in town—*wouldn't* be pleased to see her country cousin coming to visit her.

And the truth was that Stephanie wasn't free to look after Winifred and Bertie.

Stephanie was booked up to go on outings every single night.

You see, Stephanie, the town mouse, lived a very gay, smart life and she didn't really like her towny friends to know that she had any family relations as simple as Winifred.

So you can just imagine how Stephanie felt one morning, when there was a *rat-tat-tat-tat-TAT-TAT* at her front door.

Stephanie had only just got out of bed and was wearing her elegant housecoat and cap.

"Whoever can that be calling at such an unearthly hour of the morning?" gasped Stephanie. "Why it isn't even eleven o'clock yet."

Stephanie always got up late, you see. Down to the front door went Stephanie.

She opened it and there on the doorstep were Winifred and Bertie, dressed in their country clothes and with their old-fashioned cases.

"EEEEEEEEEE!" shrieked Stephanie.

Then she looked round and saw that her neighbour, the jealous Mrs. Topdrawer, was peeping from behind her curtains.

"AAAAAAGH!" squealed Stephanie. "This must be some terrible nightmare. Here is my country cousin looking more bumpkinish than ever and that hayseed boy-friend of hers standing outside my front door in full view of Mrs. Topdrawer."

Then Stephanie looked at Winifred again.

"Well, don't just stand there!" she gasped. "If you are a nightmare, disappear. And if you are real, for goodness sake come in quickly and get out of sight of the neighbours."

Winifred smiled.

"Cousin Stephanie will have her little joke," she said to Bertie.

"EEEEEEEEEE!" screamed Stephanie again. "Don't call me *cousin* where the *neighbours* can hear you. And if you think I'm joking, you must be out of your tiny mind."

Anyway, Winifred and Bertie went into Stephanie's home.

And after Stephanie had got over the shock of learning that they were going to stay with her for a few days, she did her best to make them welcome.

"After all, Winifred *did* make me welcome in *her* home," thought Stephanie, "at least as welcome as possible in those backward backwoods. So I must do my best for her here."

Next week you can read about how the country mouse and Bertie got on in town.

Here are the questions about the lovely story on page 10. Try to answer the questions and then re-read the story and see if you have answered them correctly.

1. Helen's husband was king of which country?
2. What was the name of the prince who carried Helen away?
3. How long did it take the Greeks to gather a fleet together?
4. What was the name of the King of Troy?
5. For how long did the siege of Troy last?
6. Who wrote the long poem all about the siege of Troy? You were asked to remember his name.



AUSTRIA - LAND OF MUSIC AND SONG

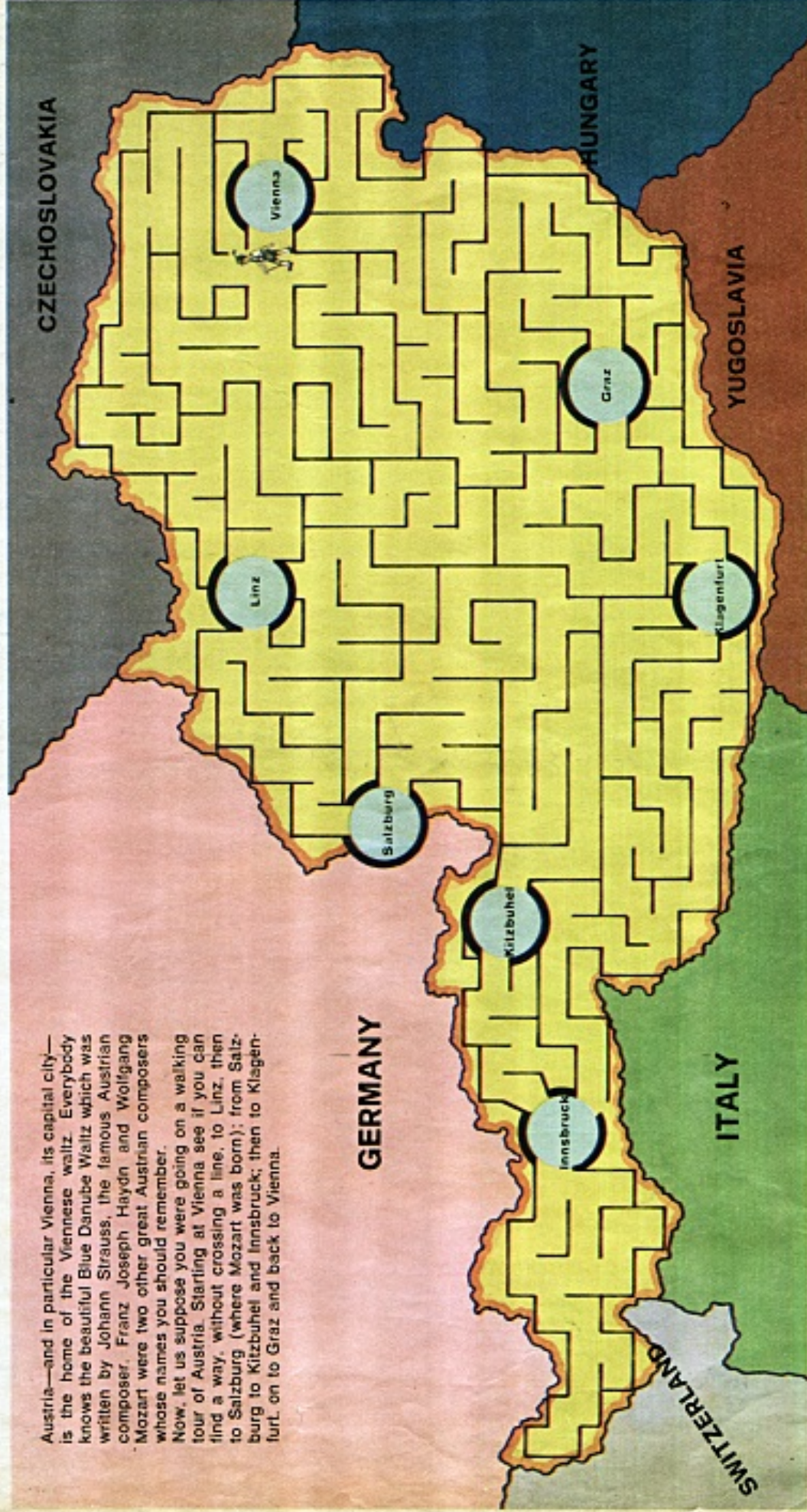


The beautiful country of Austria lies in the heart of Europe. You can see where it is placed in the map on the right. It is the country coloured yellow.

On the left is the flag of Austria. It is, as you can see, a horizontal tricolour, red, white and red. Here is the reason why. Once upon a time there was a gallant Austrian hero named Leopold Heidenthum. One day, in battle, he fought so bravely that his white surcoat was covered in blood except for the band covered by his sword-belt. The Austrian flag is a reminder of his bravery.

Austria—and in particular Vienna, its capital city—is the home of the Viennese waltz. Everybody knows the beautiful Blue Danube Waltz which was written by Johann Strauss, the famous Austrian composer. Franz Joseph Haydn and Wolfgang Mozart were two other great Austrian composers whose names you should remember.

Now, let us suppose you were going on a walking tour of Austria. Starting at Vienna see if you can find a way, without crossing a line, to Linz, then to Salzburg (where Mozart was born); from Salzburg to Kitzbuhel and Innsbruck; then to Klagenfurt, on to Graz and back to Vienna.





BEAUTIFUL PICTURES

Here is a splendid painting of one of the most famous of all Red Indians. His name was Sitting Bull and he took a leading part in the battles against the United States Army a hundred years ago. He was present when Lieutenant-Colonel George Custer and his men lost their lives in the Battle of Little Bighorn River in 1876. This picture was painted by the well-known artist Frank Humphris.



The **WISE OLD OWL**

Knows all the answers



1. Tell us, Wise Old Owl,
where does all the rain go to ?

"The rain is soaked up in the ground and much of it is used to keep alive the plants and the trees. But some rain runs into streams and rivers and flows down to the sea. The sea, however, does not get any deeper, as the sun's heat draws some of the water up into the sky to become rain again."



2. Where does wool come from ?

"The wool from which a lot of our clothes are made comes from sheep. The wool is really the thick "fur" on the sheep's back, which is cut off (or sheared) once every year."



3. Why can we see our breath on a cold day ?

"The air is colder than our breath. So that when we breathe out the warm gases are turned into little clouds as the cold makes them into liquid. The same thing happens with a car's exhaust."



4. How does a television set work ?

"The cameras in a television studio take pictures of what is happening and the pictures are turned into impulses of electricity. These are then sent through the air and picked up by your own television aerial. Your set then turns them back into pictures."



5. Why do we need sleep ?

"Our bodies are like machines. We eat food which is turned into fuel for all the hundreds of working parts of our bodies. At night time, having burned up a lot of the energy produced from food, our bodies need resting."